Dundry Feb 2. 1936

Could you very angelically send me the
name of the man at St Leonards
who does your typing? Is he good at
Corrections = Can he be trusted to copy a
badly typed script? I'm in such a rush
that I must try & find two of these months -
I'm such a rush - & shall become doubtful of I shall
get them done.

For you were divine the other night. & stir
a fog I admit that I adore - & at his
brandish. & also dubbet. ~~But~~ Also I'm
afraid has already gone back.

& I hope Ly Sackville will now
absolve Vita from any more Mockers.
Can work, think, & spell. & still 50,
two words, more to copy.

What about your Cantley - your
Oronical, but not so dropsical as my, Cantley?

V.

52 T.S.

2nd March 1936

I've just met the uncastrated Cat at a concert where they played a long bad quartet. She said to Arnold Bennett "Up then you go & I shall be taken short." Remember the remark? It would serve; & is now in print.*

Such a pure at your Index I'm at my preface — to me soon. Yes — it only the printing that one Cat goes over the garden wall. Next week I shall

* See K.B. letter to her Nephew

make a trip to ~~Weymouth~~ Weymouth
for a treat, if I can. I want to
see the show where I
played my joke on the Head nought.
Hear de Bere Coh, as you may have seen,
died yesterday: he was our interpreter.
I'm glad you enjoyed my joke: she did you.
And now I must turn to my
vomit.

And I saw Lady Axford
on private eating. Inquiries.
God be with you, as you
would say; with me as
mere catamaunt. Yr.

NYPL

Rota 2-4-63

52 T.S.

Tuesday 10th March 1936

TO

Yes of course – then repeat, at some distance, to your question of I want to see your proofs. But when could I? I'm so steeped in my own ink at the moment that I daren't give an undoctored version of anyone else: indeed have had to stop reading the Press MSS. But the worst pressure won't last beyond the next 2 weeks – pray God. I've sent off a large batch to the printer today. Do tell me what you want to do.

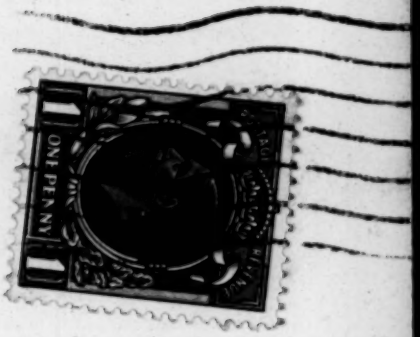
Is Elizabeth going to India? Oh but I want to see her before she goes. Please tell her so: – let me try to manage it.

I don't really get quiet enough except till dinner: work from 10 to one: then 5 to 7. & work it can be said to be: anything more dreary can't be conceived. And the book they do at Athenaeum: I hate it: but what do I care, and I can write and: never look

at it again - Forgive them Gods - Stick more fingers
Her deluge. I've been seeing no one - My
friend die a sad death M. Ethel Colefax is now a
widow - poor woman - She wants to come -
Dine - I read only solid history & Dickens to
ease my mind of commas. Love seems a
thing I've never felt a hope a faith either.
Why. I ask does one do this sort of task? who sets it?
What the point? A 3 months sitting in a cellar.
When the sun sinks I go crawling round to Nessa - There we
meet Lindbergh - no I can't. Byford asks me to meet
Simpson - the new Royal harlot - can't again - I meet
Mary Beerbohm in the drink - can't face them ... do her
Shade I even pluck up my feathers & nibble them in the
Old tiger cats story a lovely plugg?
Rpt
I should like to read her - I often have a sip of her when
I'm feeling faint. Oh & publics go on all day,
Every day. L. is entirely submerged. I suppose he's
Charwoman of a Prime Minister. But we will
Come out of the tunnel one of these days, in the sun, & on
the grass - Can I believe it?
Yes milky & bitter & old
Ink you know drinks bitter like sake.

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL



LONDON
12 45PM
13 MCH
1936
G

Dame Ethel Smyth

Coign Woking

Surrey

Rota 2.4.63

Monday

Proofs arrived. Dedication
Exactly right to my taste
& fills me with pride- when
do you want E. to have them?
No chance to read yet. or to write.

V.

Copy of a harassed woman Mrs Cawley no

52 T. S. Friday
March 27th 1936

I expect to have written to you: but then hastily 'expect' is not all it might be with me.
In fact I've been in bed 2 days with headache,
just after the worst moment. But I meant to say,
I told Elt to tell you that I gave her yours
proofs as I won't touch them till my mind is
Clear of this incubus. I hope she explained.
As she was coming, I thought it foolish even to
begin — save for 2 glimpses — eyes, dedication; eyes
by chance the Lyons party. How she read it?
What does she think? And how did this
Dust cover letter itself? I believe a plain
that would be best — but it's an
indifferent matter anyhow.
London becoming unbearably unbearable

I think I shall fly to Texas. Tell me what I ought to do about the conglomeration of old family friends who have been making my life a mere Spasm this last week? When Mrs. Grosvenor says that Old ~~Mrs~~ was my father's friend — when Miss Elizabeth Robins says she was my mother's friend — when Gerald Duckworth says he's very melancholy & was my half brother — must I? Oh must I not see Letter's Thither & see them all? And then — all within the week — in comes an antiquated Indian cousin, whose visit I gather rapidly going to the dogs. And why do I abstract them! I can't unriddle this riddle: but it unravels my days: & makes me Man Friday: the fact is I can't resist the telephone, & so shall my days. Meanwhile, here I am at the last lap, & mercifully entirely anaesthetized. & Just know & care & sick the worst book & the best. I'm sorry about Edith S's brother: we live in such a world of horror & cold hard murder seems all in the usual run.

Yrs Mrs. Grosvenor says she means to go at the latter. I knew her years ago.

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

14th April 1936

Monks Theme.

Dearest Ethel — oh no, you don't like formal address, I remember. And I only intended sympathy. I'm so sorry for Jeremy — about Pan. Yes. I feel your feeling. but don't I pray you go on li- wiper that you can lightly extinguish, as you hint. that beaming Shakespearian Character, whom) Ian. And indeed need. I refer to £.s. oh I'm so becalmed, bepagged, utterly vacant rabid. Lying on 2 chairs: having the 2 chairs for bed: 2 to sit ? finished my typescript 5 days late: now hear from America they want proofs produce before October. Thank God! so I've started the proof — about all of which have not yet been sent me — (Carter is Scotland — away in a cupboard: I shant look at them till for 4 weeks. Then I daresay I shall tear the whole thing up. I've not even once read it through! But now I get 4 weeks absolute